THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NUMBER V.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
*A fool in fashion.....*YOUNG.

I request my female readers to pay particular attention to the following letter from Roxana; though I think she has made us acquainted with one trait in her character which had better been concealed, and which may subject her to the ill-natured remarks of those, who will fell most sensibly, the justness of many of her reflections on the present state of *fashionable nudity*.—I mean her propensity to medle with politics; for the very idea of a female "writing political essays" is so singular, and so different from the duties incumbent on the sex, that there are few who would not ridicule the practice, and very few, if any who would commend it.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

Your correspondent Studiosus having touched upon the subject of *petticoats*, I shall take the liberty of relating my knowledge on the same. I am one of those beings whom the flighty world are pleased to stile *ancient dames*, and have been in the habit of sleeping with young people of my sex for at least forty years, and you will not doubt, therefore, that my information of the designs and conduct of women is much more extensive than what Studiosus can ever pretend to, who I suppose to have been "dancing attendance" upon some lady's toilet, or else peeping through the key-hole of her bed-chamber.

Ever since I began to think for myself, I conceived the idea of becoming a good citizeness, and accordingly, examined all the news-papers that were published, and listened attentively to whatever was said by the gentlemen who visited our house. In the course of two years I became as good a patriot as any in America, and afterwards seldom thought of any thing else but advancing the happiness of my fellow mortals. It was a source of regret to me, that ladies were precluded from holding their town meetings, conferences, &c. and I was obliged to content myself with writing political essays against the anti-constitutionalists and the tories. I was the first who proposed a procession in honour of the French ambassador, upon a certain national day, and I need not tell you how much gratified I was on being chosen leader for that occasion. But to the point.

I have seriously considered, that the population of a country constitutes its real strength and prosperity, consequently, all circumstances which operate to reduce the inhabitants, should be obviated as far as human means could be employed. Do not understand me as wishing to counteract the inevitable decree of nature, with regard to the tenure of our lives. But on examining for the last five years the bills of mortality, the ratio of female deaths will be found much greater than could or ought to be expected, having chiefly been occasioned by consumptive diseases. The last winter in particular, the fatality has exceeded all former seasons. I searched every recess to determine the cause of this dreadful misfortune, and finally, traced it to a disregard for petticoats. Being resolved to be fully satisfied, I made frequent invitations for for my acquaintances to lodge with me for a night, which they readily accepted, because in the secret nocturnal visits to the theatre and balls, their parents had unknowingly closed the doors against them. All my observations converged to the same point, as I seldom or never found more than two thin muslin petticoats worn on the severest day of a severe winter.

Now Mr. Idler, If you are a well wisher to the community, you will join with me in using endeavours to have A CONVENTION called to take this very important matter into patient deliberation. Perhaps a petition to the legislature would be the most expeditious and eligible method, but of that you are the best judge.

I would propose, that a committee of inspection should be appointed in each of the counties within the commonwealth; whose duty it should be to examine daily, at several different hours, the number of petticoats worn by the ladies in the respective districts; and that in case of non-compliance with a stipulated number, a forfeiture of property, or corporeal punishment, (making an allowance for delicate nerves) should be inflicted. The appointment should be made by the chief magistrate, because, if it were left to a popular election, the ladies would have influence enough to have all their young beaux chosen, who might be very partial in their examinations, and also be influenced too much by the spirit of compromise.

I hope sir, you will devise means for presenting an immediate remonstrance as there are so many victims to this practice that fears are entertained of the country being depopulated. For my own part I have entreated them to desist until heartily tired, and I believe nothing will be effectual in restraining them but absolute coercion.

There is Henrietta Jacobus Amanda Frizzle, a relation of mine, who has been my bed-fellow for some time: she comes every morning to my bed side, after having pulled herself about for at least half an hour before the glass, "how do I look now—do you think my shape genteel enough—perhaps my b——s are not enough s—ff—d; this is a pretty warm day, its not worth while to put on a petticoat; besides there's Fan—— who had scarcely a stitch of clothes on last night, and all the gentlemen remarked what a pretty form she had; and you know Betsey——she tied herself so tight round the waist, and drew her clothes so extremely close that the veins almost appeared through them, and I may as well be praised as them for being in the fashion."

I could tell you Mr. Idler, of fifty other instances where the same custom prevails. I know the object of these bare practices is to obtain the admiration of gentlemen, but I am convinced, that the man of sense abhors such conduct, and none but coxcombs and fools could give it approbation.

At another time, I may relate to you some other part of the behaviour of my female visitants.

Yours,

ROXANA.

My correspondent is I believe, correct in her conclusion, that the number of female deaths, so disproportionate to that of the males, is occasioned by the want of sufficient apparel. Those who visit the ball rooms, the theatre and even private companies will be convinced of its justice. *Bosoms, arms*, &c. entirely exposed added to the scarcity of covering on other parts, form as handsome a picture of undisguised nature as any that could be wished.

I cannot, however, agree with her in the means she proposes to remedy the evil, for as we live in a land where perfect liberty is allowed every one to act as they think pro-

BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 70.)

" There is, says he, no problem more difficult than this, nor more unsettled by the astronomers hitherto; Ptolemy and his followers, as also Copernicus and Tycho, make the sun's distance to be only 1200 semidiameters of the earth; Kepler rises it to near 3500 of these semidiameters; Ricciolus doubles the distance of Kepler, which Helvetius only enlarges by an half. All these computations are founded on the supposed magnitude of the inferior planets, which, by the radiancy of their inflected light, were taken to be much larger than the truth. These errors received their first correction by viewing those planets within the disk of the sun; for, when thus stripped of their borrowed splendor, their semidiameters were found to be much less than was before thought. Thus Venus subtends not above a quarter of a minute; Mercury, at its mean distance, is seen under an angle of ten seconds; Saturn under the same angle, and Jupiter, the greatest of all the planets, not above a third of a minute. Hence some modern astronomers, arguing from analogy, have thought the semidiameter of the earth also, when seen from the sun, to subtend an angle, at the intermediate magnitude of 15 seconds, equal to Venus; and therefore concluded the sun's distance from the earth at near 14,000 of her semidiameters: But, by this supposition, at the same time that the earth, a superior planet, is asserted to be no bigger than Venus, an inferior one, yet the moon, a secondary planet, is advanced to be no less than Mercury, a primary one; which would break the order and harmony wherein the planetary system seems to be established. Let then, continues he, the semidiameter of the earth, seen from the sun, or, which is the same thing, let the horizontal parrallax be 12 seconds and an half (whence the moon will be less than Mercury, and the earth bigger than Venus) and thus the earth will come out 16,500 semidiameters distant from the sun. But Dr. Pound, and his nephew Dr. Bradley, the present astronomer royal, by many repeated trials with the most accurate instruments, found the parallax not to be more than 12 seconds, nor less than 9; whence our author places it at a medium at 10 seconds and an half. This parallax however might have been brought to a much greater degree of accuracy, had the several conjunctions which have happened of Venus with the sun been exactly observed by former astronomers: But our countryman, Mr. Horrox, was the first mortal who saw this phænomenon, in the year 1639; and Dr. Halley has shewn, in the piece now under consideration, that the same appearance will happen in 1761, when, on the 26th of May, about six in the morning, Venus will appear in the sun's disk, not above four minutes south of his center: The transit will continue almost eight hours, from two in the morning to almost ten; and, consequently the ingress into the sun's disk cannot be seen in England, but may nevertheless be observed in other parts of the world; and he assures us, from his own observations of Mercury at St. Helena, that the beginning and end of the transit of this planet over the sun may be observed to the exactness of one second of time. 'I had, says he, the good luck to see Mercury as he was entering the sun's limb, and made a black notch in it, and was certain of the instant of this total ingress, by a fine thread of the sun's light, which immediately broke out from the sun on the anterior contact of the two limbs, and struck my eye instantly; and, at the beginning of the egress of Mercury, the like thread of light was broken, and vanished instantly at the other anterior contact.' If the like observations be duly made on the ensuing transit of Venus, with a good clock and telescope, in several distant counties, he shews in what manner we may thence determine the sun's parallax and distance from the earth, to the exactness of a five hundredth part of the whole; whereas, by the best observations when this discourse was written, we were not absolutely certain of those quantities to less than about a seventh part. He concludes with exhorting, in the most pathetic terms, all astronomers who are then alive, to be prepared for that important observation, and to exert their utmost sagacity and skill in remarking every circumstance so uncommon and so decisive: He indulged no flattering hope of being himself a witness of this appearance, yet he was not on that account less solicitous about the event, nor negligent of any thing which might contribute to its success.

The same year Dr. Edward Bernard resigning the Savilian professorship of Astronomy at Oxford, Mr. Halley applied for that chair, but was disappointed. Not long after which our author published a small tract, which, from the nature and extensive usefulness of it, is perhaps more known, especially at home, than any thing that ever came from his pen, I mean his tables for shewing the values of annuities for lives, calculated from the bills of mortality at Breslaw in Silesia.

In these bills, then lately communicated to the Royal Society, both the age and sexes of all that died were monthly delivered, and compared with the number of births for five years preceding the year 1692; and, falling of course into the hands of Mr. Halley, who was then Assistant Secretary, they appeared to him, on examination, to be drawn up with all the impartiality and exactness that the purpose required; whereupon he applied himself to make a proper use of them, by adjusting the value of annuities upon lives.

He also applied them to two other uses, which must not be omitted here, as they are evident proofs of that religious and benevolent turn of mind, with regard to his fellow creatures, which was so amiable a part of his character. His first inference is our unjust complaining at the shortness of our existence. 'How unjustly, says he, we repine at the shortness of our lives, and think ourselves wronged if we attain not old age: Whereas it appears hereby, that the one half of those that are born, are dead in seventeen years time; so that, instead of murmuring at what we call untimely death, we ought with patience and unconcern to submit to that dissolution, which is the necessary condition of our perishable materials, and of our nice and frail structure and composition; and to account it as a blessing, that we have survived, perhaps many years, of that period of life, whereat the one half of the whole race of mankind does not arrive. A second observation, continues this great man, I make from the same table, is, that the growth and increase of mankind is not so much stinted in the nature of the species, as it is from the cautious difficulty most people make to adventure on the state of marriage, from the prospect of the trouble and charge of providing for a family; nor are the poorer sort in this to be blamed, since their difficulty of subsisting is occasioned by the unequal distribution of possessions, all being necessarily fed from the earth, of which so few are masters; so that, besides themselves and families, they are yet to work for those who own the ground that feeds them, and of such the much greater part of mankind consists, otherwise it is plain that there might well be four times as many births as we now find; for, by computation from the table, I find that there are nearly 15,000 persons above 16 and under 45 years of age, of which, at least, 7000 are women capable to bear children; of these notwithstanding there are but 1238 born yearly, which is but little more than a sixth part, so that not above one in six of these women breed yearly; whereas, were they married, it would not appear strange or unlikely, that four of six should bring a child every four year. The political consequence hereof I shall not insist upon; but, the strength and glory of a king consisting in the multitude of his subjects, I shall only hint, that, above all things, celibacy should be discouraged, as by extraordinary taxing, and military service; and those who have numerous families of children to be countenanced and encouraged by such laws as the jus trium liberorum, among the Romans; but especially by an effectual care to provide for the subsistance of the poor, by finding them employments whereby they may earn their bread without being chargeable to the public.

The same year, 1692, appeared his famous theorum for finding the foci of optic glasses, produced as an instance of the great advantage of modern algebra. And on the first of January he resigned his place of assistant secretary to the Royal Society; tho' there scarce appeared a single number of the Philosophical transactions for three succeeding years without containing some remarkable paper of his; besides which, he communicated others which were not printed.

When Government had determined to recoin the silver species, five mints were erected for dispatch on that occasion, and Mr. Halley appointed Comptroller of that at Chester in 1796.

(To be continued.)

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 79.)

"My mind," continued Eugenio, "which before this conversation had already begun to despond, felt the full force of its inquietude return at these unwelcome instructions. I viewed the scene which my friend had presented to me, as a wide and desolated forest, in which all the straight and towering timber, the venerable pride of the place, had fallen, and none but a kind of literary pollards remained, sending from their penurious tops a paltry growth of little branches, short in their duration, feeble in their texture, and servile in their uses. The repugnance to my employment, which followed from this change in my sentiments, doubled its difficulty, and made it truly laborious; and in the same proportion the necessity of application and confinement was increased, till my health began to fell the effects of this perpetual conflict.

"As the progress of my indisposition was very gradual, I attended but little to its first approaches, till at length it attacked mewith such violence, that I was one morning unable to rise from my bed, after a night of painful application. My fever, which was of a nervous kind, entrenched so much upon my understanding, that I became totally useless to my employer; and, for the three weeks following, my life was considered in imminent danger. My employer, who saw his chance of compensation lessning in proportion to the length and danger of my disorder, grew proportionally less solicitous about my treatment; and I was turned over to an apothecary and an old woman, who, between them, were conducting me very fast to my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my senses had almost abandoned me, and I became pretty much unconscious of what was passing round me. This derelection of mind lasted but a short time; and my surprise was not little, when I regained my faculties, to find a very officious attendance at my bedside, and every convenience and solace which my situation required. I was now visited by a physician whose methods of treatment succeeded beyond expectation; and in a few days I felt myself much advanced in my recovery.

"As soon as my thoughts began to return to the objects of this existence, after having been some time absorbed in the contemplation of another, my pride, my gratitude, and my curiosity, were all interested in discovering the humane quarter whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could collect nothing, however, towards the explanation of this mystery from any body that attended me, though I could observe that my kind host affected an air of consciousness as if he wished the suspicion to fall on himself. I was now, however, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of such a finesse; and as my blind sensibilities had no where else to fasten, I felt myself strongly disposed to see in my physician my only friend and benefactor. This persuasion operated so strongly upon my feelings, that I could not forbear seizing an opportunity of confessing my suspicions to him, and entreating him if they were erroneous, to draw aside the veil that hid from me to whom those unappropriated feelings belonged, which so agitated my bosom.

"This gentleman, it so happened, had too honourable a mind to give a tacit encouragment to a belief which conferred upon him the credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of its real author. He assured me he had no claim to my acknowledgments, except as the agent of another, whose silent charities stole abroad like dews under the shade of night, and who had laid upon him such injunctions of secrecy, as he could not in honour disregard, however painful it was to be dumb on such an occasion. I was constrained, therefore, to suffer the mystery to remain, after my thoughts were fatigued by a thousand vain efforts to find some other clue for its detection, I am truly ashamed to confess, that at that time pride had as large a share in the disappointment as gratitude; and I felt myself shocked at the consideration that I had owed my preservation to any hands but my own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride which is at variance with the noblest feelings that the bosom can entertain! that makes of the mind a desolate insulated solitude, where no harbour is open to the commerce of benevolence, or medium afforded to the produce of humanity.

"The anxieties and mortifications of life are thorns whereon science rarely builds her nest. The very name of a book raised painful ideas in my mind; and my intellect uot having yet recovered its original tone, I forbore to push it beyond its strength, for fear of occasioning a relapse. In the mean time, the care that was taken of me, and the assiduity with which I was attended, kept me still in an anxious perplexity in respect to the source of these humanities. One day, as I was leaning out of my window for the sake of the air, a lady walked out of the shop below, and, having proceeded a few steps, was stopped by an elderly gentleman, who engaged her in conversation exactly under me, and whom I soon perceived to be the physician by whom I had been attended. Though the circumstances of this meeting were sufficient to rouse all my curiosity, yet a feeling of common delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when I heard my name pronounced by a voice that seemed to sympathise with my sufferings, and which was surely the sweetest that ever came from the lips of a woman. I could no longer resist; and, listening attentively, I distinguished the following sentence, pronounced by the same lips from which my name had issued—Well, sir, as you tell me he is a young man of merit, I am doubly happy in having contributed to restore him to his friends and to society.' "What followed was in so low a tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that was said. As she took leave, however, of the doctor, she accidently cast a look at the window where I was. I thought her concern in my recovery made her regard me with unusual attention; and her beauty was such as to rivet mine, in spite of my shame and pride. The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a complacent sympathy in her expression that almost bordered upon a smile, the graces of her shape, and the dignity of her deportment, all, added to the conviction with which I was now impressed that to this sweet person I had owed my recovery, made me forget that I ought to have felt confusion at the act in which I was detected. My debt of gratitude seemed to have grown much larger since I had discovered to whom it was owing; and my eyes were fastened upon her, as long as she remained in sight, while the tears streamed down my face, as if I was to lose her for ever. What were my feelings the remainder of the day it is needless to represent to you: they were such as kept the image of this excellent woman constantly present to my mind, and set my thoughts a roving over a thousand visionary prospects. As I could not rest till I had given some vent to my sensibilities, I succeeded after many failures, in finishing the following letter, which the man who attended the shop, and who knew her abode, conveyed to her the next morning.

"MADAM,

It is in vain that, anxious to distribute your bounties unseen, you desire to imitate the great Dispenser of all things; such perfection of virtue is denied you in a place where such goodness is too rare to escape observation. I have seen you; and had I seen virtue herself embodied, she could not have taken a form more becoming her excellence. This is not gallantry; for how should I hope to please a person who so studiously shrinks from applause, by common-place eulogy?—But this, Madam, is the tribute of a man who knows not how to flatter, and whose fortunes are too humble, were he so disposed, to give his flattery effect. In one respect, however, to remain unseen may be your greatest charity: for, be assured, that such benevolence, so set off, can be contemplated by none with impunity. I regard myself, indeed, as safe, in an adoration which excludes passion, and an awe that checks presumption; safe in the habit of considering myself too much the outcast of Fortune to cherish any views towards your delightful sex. Thus fortified by my insignificancy, I dare ask to be permitted to pour at your feet the effusions of the most grateful of hearts; to meet again those gentle looks; and kiss, were it not too high a favour, the hand that has raised me from the bed of sickness and sorrow."

"Three or four days of anxious expectation succeeded, without any notice being taken of my letter. During this interval, my mind was a prey to the most tormenting doubts: in a word, I felt like a proud man that fears he has been officious.

(To be continued.)

Terre, terre, saiokenne !
Terre teelta tallemasta !
Kes teid teile tervastelles ?
Kes andis, arrola kætte ?
Jumal teid meid tervestelles,
Maria and arrola kætte.
Mis teid tele vivistallaes ?
Ohja læksid aunapusse,
Peitsed pæva næludelle.
Kes vot ohjad aunapusta ?
Peitsed pæva næludest ?
Sepse peio poisekenne,
Se vor ohjad aunapasta,
Peitsed pava næludest.

Welcome, welcome, wedding-company !
Welcome, after the journey !
Who kept you well upon the journey ?
Who shewed to you the track ?
" God kept us well upon the journey :
" Maria shewed to us the track."
What kept you on the way so long ?
" The hunting-line was hung upon the apple-tree,
" The halters on the beams of the sun."
Who took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
The halters from the beams ?
" That the youthful bridegroom did,
" He took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
" The halters from of the beams of the sun."

(*To be continued.*) H

MISCELLANY.

GEORGE I.

I can tell you, from unquestionable authority, a remarkable fact generally suspected, but not accurately known. The count Koningsmark, who assassinated Mr. Thynne in Pall-mall, afterwards became an admirer of the wife of the Electorate of Hanover, who was to succeed to the English throne by the style of George I. The prince was often absent in the army, and Koningsmark was suspected to have supplied his place.—The elector being enraged at the real or supposed insult, ordered Koningsmark to be strangled. When George II. made his first journey to Hanover, he ordered some repairs in the palace, and the body was found under the floor of the princess' dressing room.

It is supposed the first cause of suspicion arose from Koningsmark's hat being found in the apartment of the princess. Dr. Hoadley, in his "Suspicious Husband," introduces a similar incident while the lady remains immaculate. This pleased George the II. who was convinced of his mother's innocence. It is whimsical that this prince often expressed his anger by throwing down his hat, and kicking it about the room.

George I. was however separated from his wife; and there was no queen in his reign. He had two mistresses. One was Miss Schulenburg, afterwards created Duchess of Kendal, a tall thin gawky. The other was the Countess of Darlington: and who for size might have been compared to an elephant and castle. This couple of rabbits occasioned much jocularity on their first importation.

THE POETICAL EPITHET "LAUGHING."

The natives of Italy and the softer climates, receive emotions from the view of their waters in the spring, not equally experienced in the British roughness of our skies. The fluency of softness of the water, are thus expressed by Lucretius :

....." Tibi suaveis Dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti."

Inelegantly rendered by Creech,

" The roughest sea puts on smooth looks, and smiles."

Dryden more happily,

" The ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast."

Mestasso has copied Lucretius,

A te sioriscona
Gli erbosi prati :
E i flutti Ridono
Nel Mar placati.

It merits observation, that the northern poets could not exalt their imagination higher, than, that the water smiled: while the modern Italian, having before his eyes a different spring, found no difficulty to agree with the ancients, that the waves laughed. Of late, modern poetry has made a very free use of the animating epithet "laughing." Gray has "the laughing flowers." Langhorne, in two very beautiful lines, exquisitely personifies Flora:

" Where Tweed's soft banks in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath an azure sky."

Sir William Jones, with all the spirit of Oriental poetry, has "the laughing air."

But Dryden has employed this epithet very happily in the following delightful lines, which are almost entirely borrowed from his original Chaucer:

" The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray ;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight."

PALAMON & ARCITE, book 2d.

OMAR.

In those times when the Mohammedan Arabs were pursuing commerce, agriculture, and the arts of life, and the christian Europeans were dividing their time between theology and rapine, there lived a man near Bagdat who was in high reputation for wisdom. He had formerly had an employment at court, under the califs ; but having sent back to the favourite mistress an assignment on the public treasury, he laid down his office, travelled to the Indians and the Persians, got instructed in the knowledge of their forefathers, returned from his travels, and passed his days in retirement in a country house surrounded by fields, meadows and gardens ; took upon himself the inspection of his workmen ; called them his children, and annually gave them a feast. He observed the motions of the stars, the wind, the virtues of simples, and the destiny of man. He gave bread to him that was in want, and advice to them that desired it. The calif himself and his officers frequently asked counsel of him ; and sometimes even followed it. History is silent in regard to his name ; but history often mentions what it ought to forget, and forgets what it ought to reveal. One morning a stranger enquired for him ; he let him in ; he was a youth in full bloom, of a majestic stature, an ample forehead, and cheeks that glowed with health. 'Who art thou, young man, and whence comest thou ?' 'My name is Omar, and I come from Bagdat. By business is to ask counsel and instruction of thee.' 'Sit thee down Omar.' 'I have heard, O sage !' said Omar, having seated himself on a Persian carpet, 'that thou knowest more than those whom the world calls wise.' 'Thou hast heard amiss, Omar. I know much lesst han those whom the world calls wise ; and, were I to live longer perhaps I might know less than I do at present.' 'I understand thee not.' 'I believe that—but what wouldest thou learn of me ?' 'Tell me what is the plan of this whole creation ?' 'Omar, hast thou been in the planet Scham ?' 'No.' "Or in the planet Nahar ?' 'No.' 'Or in the planet Dschsirah ?' 'Neither.' 'Or in any of the fixed stars ?' 'Thy questions surprize me.' 'Our calif, on whom may God shower his blessings ! keeps eight hundred thousand armed men for the defence of his empire ; and the swords of these men are forged at Damascus.' 'That I know right well, for I have seen them forged.' 'Hast thou, young man ?' 'I have, O son of wisdom !' 'So much the better—and when thou sawest a sword forged what knewest thou then ?' 'I knew that it was a sword for the army of the calif.' 'But didst thou likewise know what the plan of operation intended by the calif, was ?' 'How in the name of the prophet, should I know that ?' 'So Omar, I know not the plan of this creation.' 'But tell me then, are men created to be happy in this world ?' 'That I know not.' 'Thou knowest not that ?' 'The eternal knows it: blessed be the eternal !' 'But wherefore are men created ?' 'That they may enjoy life and follow after justice.' 'But many, who enjoy life and follow after justice, are yet pining in misery ; whence arises this ?' 'The eternal knows it: blessed be the eternal !' 'Then I need not ask thee, how it comes that I am not happy ?' 'Tell me thy circumstances, Omar, and I will tell thee whether it depends on thee.' 'I am rich, O venerable sage ! I have friends in the court of the calif ; I am beloved by the

most beautiful maiden of Bagdat. But life is a burden to me.' 'That is very possible. Thou art in want of every thing, because nothing is wanting to thee.' 'Dost thou think that my state can be bettered ?" "Omar, the fault lies solely in thee.' 'In me!' 'Abstain and enjoy.' 'Is that all thy advice?' 'I have no more to add. Follow me, and the fault will at least no longer be thine.' 'Thou art an extraordinary philosopher!' 'Abstain and enjoy!' Having said these words, the sage arose, leaving Omar sitting.

Omar shook his head, and returned to Bagdat. He pondered the words of the sage, and found them void of all meaning. In the city he met one of his greatest friends; his name was Ali. "Whence comest thou, that thou art so melancholy?' said he. 'Is one of thy females faithless.' 'I come from yon philosopher.' 'What has thou to do with that hoary sage, young man, thou hast not yet seen twenty winters?' 'I have been asking advice. "May I be so bold as to enquire on what subject?' 'I confess freely to thee, that I am not at ease concerning my fate.' 'Take hellebore, Omar, to make the sneeze. Something is amiss in the upper region of thy brain. And what did the wise man say to thee?' 'Something that I do not understand.' 'Ha, ha, sure as the prophet lives I could have told thee that beforehand. Poor Omar! I took thee to be much wiser than thou really art. What wilt thou venture, that in a year's time I am reputed to be the wiset man in Bagdat?' 'Thou Ali? I think thou hast drunk a little too much wine. But how wilt thou begin?' 'I will just do the contrary to all other honest people; will have to drink, (yet not drink; to eat, yet not eat; to love, yet not to love; and when I say any thing, say it with so much brevity and obscurity as that no one can understand me. I will be content, Omar, to be forever excluded from Mohamed's paradise if I deceive not both the young and old.' 'Knowest thou Ali, what he said to me?' 'Well, let us hear this mighty wisdom.' 'Every thing is wanting to me, because I want nothing; and that I must abstain and enjoy.' 'Farewell, Omar. May our great prophet take thee and thy five senses into keeping!' Ali went away thinking himself happy that he was not such a fool as Omar; and this philosopher went to one of his female friends, and came home next morning sick. Omar, on the contrary, walked away leisurely, cursing his miserable destiny; and rose up fresh and healthy.

Omar was one those men who could be called perfect, if ever the Eternal made any mortal perfect. He was young and handsome, and the maidens of Bagdat called him in ther songs the rose of desire, the pink of happiness, and the violet of the morning dream. His riches were immense, his palace was indeed less than those of the califs, but it was more beautiful; for their's were rich but void of all elegance or neatness.—Omar was strong and healthy; and, what is more than all this, he was pursued by the maidens he loved. No wonder that Omar was not at rest. 'Ali is known to be a fool,' said Omar at length; but the sage likewise may not be so wise as he is thought to be.' 'I shall try if I cannot be happy in Fatima's arms.' Omar took Fatima home, breathed on her lips, tasted in full measure the happiness of love, riotted in Fatima's charms, and exclaimed a thousand times 'I am happy. Fatima, I have found every thing that was wanting to me in thy arms.' Omar rioted thus three months, and rioted till he was surfeited. The old were enlivened in Fatima's presence; Omar sorrowfully cast his eyes on the ground. Omar blushed when she touched the hem of his garment; Omar turned pale when she kissed him. Fatima soon observed this coldness, and was afflicted at it. The law of the prophet permitted him to bury his disgust in the arms of another; but he always supposed that he caused a like disgust in Fatima; he resolved to withdraw from her sight for a year or two. 'She wants to see no more, she wishes to wean herself from me; she will become as indifferent to me as I am to her.' Omar had two factors, one at Ormus on the Persian gulf, and the other at Haleb in Syria. He had never neglected these factors: but now he wished to go in person. He went with the caravan to the former place: at his arrival he asked for the accounts, and found that in three years he had been a gainer of two hundred per cent: he went to Haleb, and found he had gained a hundred per cent. The Eternal blesses me wherever I turn my eyes; and yet I pine in misery. In two years he returned, and at a day's journey from Bagdat he met a messenger who acquainted him with the news that Fatima was going to be buried the next day; a secret sorrow having preyed upon her heart during the absence of her husband. For at that time no such wife was to be seen in Bagdat. Omar stood still with downcast eyes. 'Great prophet,' exclaimed he when returned from his illusion, "I am a man who never affi t any one, and I have been the murderer of the most lovely creature of this world. Fatima breathed nothing but love and tenderness, and yet she was obliged to languish and die in the bloom of life. The sage is at least right in this saying, that men are created to enjoy life and follow after virtue. But the Eternal alone knows whether or not they are created to be happy.'

Omar buried Fatima, and built a costly monument to her momory. Ali came soon after, and endeavoured to console him! 'Always so solitary, Omar?' said Ali, 'By heaven thou triest as much as thou canst to make thyself miserable!' 'Art thou then happy, Ali?' 'If there were no such things as the confounded gout and cough, I would not change my situation with that of the calif:' 'But how comest thou by these disorders?' 'We shall talk of that by and by. Omar, wilt thou once in thy life follow my advice? thou knowest I do not commonly meddle in other men's affairs; but I can no longer behold thee with indifference. Wilt thou make a trial of my way of life?' 'But if I likewise get the gout?' 'Thou fool! the gout brings with it its advantages. The day one is free from it so much the more pleasant. Come, follow me, Omar.'

Ali did not give Omar time to answer, but took him by the arm into a company, where all those who lived in the highest style in Bagdat were assembled: and who had a great deal of leisure time on their hands. They laughed, they sung, they heard others sing; they were contended, or at least they forgot that they were not so.

Omar's heart was warmed a little by the rays of joy which sparkled from the eyes of all. He roturned home; and confessed to his friend Ali, that societies might have its pleasures. In short, he let himself be persuaded to frequent the lively and frolicsome circles oftener and oftener; and, on leaving them the tenth time, he embraced Ali: 'I thank thee most sincerely, Ali, for thy advice; now I am sensible how I may enjoy the pleasures of life: my house shall be open to all those who choose to be gay.' The cooks of the empire of the east had then the exclusive privilege of pampering; Omar wrote for cooks to the Byzantine court, and shortly after he never sat down to a dinner with less than twenty covers. One feast succeeded another: and his house was the temple of hospitality, good taste, and jolity.

'Now I shall be happy,' said Omar, 'I am come to myself.' He had cooks; consequently, he must have physicians. He observed now and then, that he could no longer sleep so sound as he used to do. He lamented that he often waked with the headach. He confessed, that even in the midst of his good company, he was frequently seized with weariness and languor. Omar in time fasted and yawning, while others were eating.

Once he broke the law of the prophet; for he sat up a whole night over some Greek wine to please the chamberlain of the calif; in consequence of which he was so dispirited, that he fell into a swoon. The chief judge of Bagdat, who sat opposite him, observed him first, strove to speak; but, being choaked with a fish bone, he was carried to his grave in three days after. All Bagdat regretted him; for he was a good judge who never took bribes, nor ever oppressed the poor.

'I never torment a worm,' said Omar, in the profoundest sorrow; 'and yet I have occasioned the deaths of the handsomest woman, and the most upright judge in Bagdat.' Omar shut up his palace, took care of himself, and went into the country; where he passed some such moments as had tempted him to put an end to his life, had it been then as much the custom at Bagdat, as it is on the banks of the Thames, or the lake of Geneva.

Omar's country seat was about six miles distant from the retreat of the sage. He went one morning to see him; and told him that he was the same Omar who had asked advice of him, and now related his adventures. The sage was attentive, sighed, put his finger to his forehead, and deliberated a while. 'Omar,' said he, 'thou livest in the neighbourhood; come hither again at this hour to-morrow.'

(To be Continued.)

per, the method alluded to would be deemed highly tyrannical. The modesty of some sober, sedate, old fashioned people is to be sure sometimes shocked, but because they are disposed to be so very scrupulous, our young ladies ought not to be prevented from exposing their beauties to the eager eye of their acquaintances; and if the *shape* cannot be displayed without being divested of covering, in the name of liberty let it be so. I fancy, however, that could a lady in this situation, in a ball room hear the remarks which are often made on her, she would never again appear in so public a place *without clothes on;* for though the eye is often fixed on her, it is not so much in admiration of her *elegant person*, as for the purpose of ridiculing her nudity.

The present fashionable mode of dressing I believe, first came into use with white muslins: and as Shenken* observes, "these muslins are so thin and unwholesome, that soon after the wife wears white, the husband wears black!" and therefore he concludes, "the married man ought not to grudge the expense.

Though this delectable idea may reconcile some husbands to their wifes' nakedness, it would not the father, to his daughter appearing in the same manner, if early death is the probable consequence; nor the young lady herself if she would seriously consider, that her days are to be shortened by wearing thin muslins, in order to show a fine well formed shape!

I shall desist from further remarks until I receive the second communication of Roxana, which I expect with impatience.

J.

* In Reynolds' comedy of Folly as it Flies.

The motto of the foregoing number should read thus:

"*Levium spectacula rerum.*"

For the Repository.

NO. IV.

ON TEMPERANCE.

If temperance were not a virtue which deserved to be cherished for the sake of the good which it does to the mind, we ought nevertheless to practice it with care, on account of the advantage which it procures the body; being that which preserves it in health, and cures it of maladies. How can we be happy, if we suffer acute pains—if we are tormented with the gout—if our stomach ceases to perform its office—if our legs swelled and weak refuse to carry us—if our lungs are so inflamed that we cannot breathe without difficulty? Yet all these and many other evils are the certain consequences of intemperance.

He who purchases the pleasures of the bottle at the expence of the most severe pains, pays very dear for his wine. If reason were the standard of action, the more we loved pleasure the fonder we would be of temperence, because it is the latter which makes the former durable. It is so far from being an enemy to pleasures that it preserves them, and only checks their excessive use.

Temperance is altogether as necessary to the mind as the body; when this is sluggish, that is sensible of it and as it were, oppressed by its infirmities. In the person that feels any decay, we dont find that gaiety, that briskness, that serenity which adorn the understanding, and at the same time render him happy. The intemperate, are generally, of a gloomy melancholy disposition: as long as they are eating and drinking, a sort of mirth accompanys them, but it goes off with the fumes of the spirit that raised it. Such persons are like lamps extinct, whose flame is renewed by pouring in a few drops of oil, but give light no longer after those drops are spent by which they were fed.

Intemperance is generally the cause of many vexations, from which sobriety preserves us. 'Tis often the occasion of many crimes. It obliges the rich to be at great expence, and the poor to a greater than they can afford. The former are under an apprehension that they cannot always hold out to live high; they waste their estate and this makes them desperate; they cannot forbear feasting, and yet lament the money that it costs them. As to the others, they frequently have recourse to rapine, robbery and even murder to supply the demands of insatiable appetite.

The necessity of temperance is commonly discovered too late; for it is not prized as it should be until the ill consequences of debauchery are almost impossible to be remedied. I have seen melancholy instances that ought to have been lessons to those who were witnesses of them, but few had the wisdom to take warning by their disasters. The others, swayed by their passions, paved the way for the same evils to come upon them which they dreaded, yet had hopes of avoiding by trusting to the goodness of their constitutions: at length, distempers overtook them, their health was destroyed, their hopes vanished and were succeeded by vain lamentations.

A.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Extract from the journal of a Pedestrian.

"It was night—darkness had spread her thickest mantle over the face of all nature, and concealed every distant object from my view; I had missed my road, the country was strange to me,—the stars by twinkling light reflected on the bosom of the water, shewed me I was near the bank of a large river; but what river it was I knew not; fatigued and perplexed I groped about for some spot to sleep away the tedious hours, till the light of day should again enable me to find my way out of the wood in which I found myself.

Now, as a man who has no bed had better sleep on the floor than not sleep at all, I thought as no better place offered, I had better accept of a lodging in a kind of sheltered recess, in a rock which rose near the bank of the stream. I lay down and endeavoured to chace away my cares and enjoy some repose;—but something, a kind of dreadful presentment prevented me, the wind rustled among the branches of the trees, the waves murmured hoarsely, and the screech owl with her portentious notes interrupted the silence of the night. I heard voices, of some persons near me; the speakers seemed to be in high altercation; I felt an involuntary shuddering, my hair began to erect itself on my head, like the bristles on the back of a pig, and a cold sweat forced itself from every pore, while I listened to the following interrupted dialogue.

"It is as good a time as any," said a female voice, "I say it is not," was the reply made by a voice which I easily discovered was that of a man, "the tide is almost low, and the body will be discovered." At this moment two human figures passed me; they seemed to be bearing a heavy burden, which, by the broken sentences I heard, I judged to be the body of some person whom they had murdered.—How singular it is, said I mentally, that I should be placed here at this interesting moment—here a deed of horror has been perpetrated and I alone am here to bear witness against the vile perpetrators.

These fine reflections were interrupted by "you had better throw him in now, you will wait till morning, and we shall be discovered." After some little opposition, the wife (as is often the case) carried her point, and I heard a heavy body fall into the water. Foolish mortals, thought I, you think you are secure, but a guard is placed on your actions, and one who will strain every nerve to bring you to punishment. When the murderers had again passed me, I rose up, and, directed by the sound of their footsteps, I followed them till I saw them enter a large house, at no great distance from the river. The shades of night were now retiring before the approach of the gay and fragrant morn. I once more ventured forth,—not to pursue my journey, but to search for some magistrate, to whom I might communicate what I had seen and heard; my road lay in front of the edifice above mentioned, and in passing, I heard a loud uproar, occasioned by the owner's blustering on account of a large baboon that was missing. I stopped by the side of a fence, and after listening to a long account of the coachman, who had been out late the preceding night and had witnessed some part of the transactions, which I had seen, and which he now detailed to his master, I found that the body I had heard fall into the river was that of a baboon."

ALFRED.

Errata. Winter, sketch 4th, verse 1st, line 2d, for *inviting*, read *investing*; the 10th verse should read thus:

Now theatres invite us to their pleasures,
Pleasures refin'd beyond the dull conception,
Of vulgar bosoms, whom some artful jugglers
Stale tricks delight more.

A.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. I.

Under this title will commence a series of miscellaneous papers, original and selected. To rescue the most valuable essays upon education, philology, metaphysics and poetry, from oblivion, is not the only motive which influences the present proposition: believing that instruction always results even from a perusal of any branch of science, it would not be extravagant to predicate, that where varieties in literature occur, the effect is more permanent because more pleasing. Such sentimental relations as serve to relax the rigour of abstruse study, shall be occasionally noticed, and to this end recourse will sometimes be had to such historical passages as will tend to excite an interest in the attention of my readers.

In this endeavour to record and revive useful and amusing researches, much assistance might be rendered by those whose ambition for improvement extends to unfolding the legends of antiquity, as well the more familiar circumstances of modern annals. If such a desire should at any time exist, let it be manifested by a communication with the Register.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

[*In a letter from a friend.*]

Under this article you are not to expect an Iliad of a Homer, or the songs of an Ossian. How can such poetry be thought of among the poor Sclavonian races? What I intend to give, are effusions of a tender, and often an aching heart, simple natural poetry; a small contribution to the collections of the popular ballads of the European nations, from a people inhabiting the upper regions of the gulf of Finnland, whom no man would suspect of possessing a poetic vein.

More than once have I been in doubt, at one and the other ballad, whether I should commit it to paper or not. But, if we place ourselves in the sphere of ideas of such a simple people; and consider that to them with whom a plated button, a piece of linen, an old dollar, descends from the great great grandfather as an inheritance to the latest posterity, a gaudy silken ribband is wealth: in like manner, though to such as are accustomed to gems and jewels and all the tinsel of the earth, these artless lays may appear contemptible; yet, to those who can enter into the feelings and views of a particular person or of a particular nation, they may be welcome, if not actually pleasing.

I was present at one of their marriage ceremonies. But many of the particulars are entirely gone out of my mind; and scraps and fragments are hardly worth relating.—Presents were distributed among the guests, who in return gave some small piece of money. On the entrance of the bridegroom, a song was struck up, which, with an English translation, I subjoin in the Esthonian tongue, to enable the reader to judge for himself of the sound of the language; particularly as an Englishman will pronounce it better than his neighbours the Germans, who always give it too hard an accent, though with as much softness as his organs will allow. The Esthonians, both men and women, have an extremely soft, delicate, and tender articulation, which is unattainable by the untractable mouth of a German.

We perceive in these ballads a refrein, or as we call it, a burden. As this custom prevailed in Greece, Italy, France, among the Orientals, and even in Britain, as well as with these more northern nations, it is highly presumable that it must be naturally congenial to the unperverted feelings of the human species. Who is not moved by the "Cras amet, qui nunquam amivit," of Catullus, and the, "Begin, Sicilian muse, begin a plaintive strain," of Moschus?

If we do but efface from our remembrance for a moment the sublime and delicate numbers to which we may be habituated, the poetical flowrets that grow on the shores of the gulf of Finnland will certainly displease us.

Peiokenne poisekenne,
Kust sa tundsid meile tulla?
Oskasid elle orrode,
Merkasid elle maggede,
Seie surege killasse,
Seie penike perresse,
Wanna taalri talluge?

Peiokenne poisekenne,
Sest sa tundsid seie tulla,
Oskasid elle arrode,
Merkasid elle meggede,
Seie surege kellasse,
Seie penike perresse,
Waana taalri talluge.

Hebbe nup olli avessane,
Kaks olli kaia assane,
Wuis olli werrava peal,
Meie oved lavandissed,
Kattuksed kanna munnega,
Restad sea lihhaga,
Kinnispakkud voiga voitud.

Sest sa tundsid seie tulla,
Oskasid elle orrode,
Merkasid ele meggede,
Seie sure kullase,
Scie penike perresse
Wanna taalri talluge.

Youthful bridegroom,
How didst thou know how to come to us?
Knewest thou the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars?

Youthful bridegroom,
Therefore didst thou think of coming hither?
Knewest the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage yard,
Among the vassals who have got old dollars.

A silvered button was on the sill,
Two were in the garden,
Five upon the door;
Our yard was full of linen,
Our roof of hen-roosts,
Under the thatch hung bacon,
The dressers were smeared with butter.

Therefore thou thoughtest of coming hither,
Knewest the way through the vallies,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage yard,
Among these vassals who have got old dollars.

Simple, plain and natural! The young man wants a rich bride. He scours over the heaths and the vallies. Casts an eye over all the country. He sees a peasants cottage-yard, with pieces of linen hanging to dry. The door is ornamented with old plated buttons and other flat pieces of metal nailed to it. A good store of flesh hanging under the eaves—"This must be a wealthy family," says he. In he goes; finds an amiable young woman, generally of a sallow complexion, of which his imagination makes lilies and roses, with long blond hair flowing down her neck and bosom, which is the common description of the natives; he renews his visits, the father gives her to him, and unites them for ever in the bands of love.

II. Again, an Epithalamium. It was doubtless composed so long ago as the Catholic times, as we see by the mention of the mother of our Saviour, according to the notion of the then prevailing superstition.

The hunting-line therein mentioned is the leathern thong held in the hand for guiding the horse. "The halters kept hanging on the beams of the sun," is truly poetical: an agreeable image. Even the sun is endeavouring to supplant the young bridegroom, by laying hindrances in the way of his rapid progress to his bride. It is not a stranger, a cold wedding-guest, a lazy, old acquaintance, who already, for half a century, has felt the breezes and the blights of love, that unties the hunting-line from the thicket: the restless and eager youth, to whom every minute is as long as ten years, which keeps him from the embraces of his bride, springs out of his cabitka, shakes the hunting-lines asunder, mounts his horse without delay, and hastens forward on the wings of love.

There seem to be two alternate choruses In this ballad. The chorus before the house, begins. The arriving chorus, answers.—The questions proposed by the former, are such as might proceed from the participating heart of the mother, of the inquisitive bride, to whom every trifling circumstance of the journey of her bridegroom is of great importance. "The hunting-lines kept hanging: therefore we stayed so long." Certainly the bridegroom (think the chorus, as entering into the thoughts of the bride) snatched them hastily from the bushes. He therefore asks, "Who took them from the apple-tree?"—This the young bridegroom did (replies the other chorus,) drawn by the centre of all attraction to youth, the kindling spark of company. But to the song itself:

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

[Written on the Atlantic.]

To thee my god I raise my humble lay,
Which gratitude's celestial flame inspires;
What thankful tribute shall I strive to pay,
Or how express what boundless love requires.

Snatch'd from a tyrant's rage, thy guardian hand
Leads me across the ocean's wide domain;
Bears me in safety to that smiling land,
Where truth and liberty exulting reign.

Yes thou eternal Love; in whom I trust,
To that propitious clime direct may way
Where gaunt oppression grovels in the dust,
And superstition shuns the blaze of day.

Sav'd from the scourge of despotism's laws,
Let all my powers unite with ardent zeal
To serve my great preserver's glorious cause,
The cause of freedom and of human weal.

W.

ELEGY.

[Written in Fleet-street.]

St. Dunstan's bells proclaim departed day,
The weary hacks slow drag the axle-tree;
The 'prentence homeward runs his hasty way,
And leaves the town to dulness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering lamp upon the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the watchman bawls—'a cloudy night,"
And tipsy rev'ller the shut tavern scolds:

Within those gates that iron strong has made,
Where rooms o'er rooms arise in many a heap.
Each in his chamber on a pillow laid,
The law-learn'd benches of the Temple sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The sheriff's trumpet, or the post-man's horn,
No more shall rouse them from their feather bed.

In them no more the Muse's fire shall burn,
Or metaphysics be their ev'ning care;
No school-boy's classic triumph shall return,
Or dullness pine the envied praise to share.

Oft did the grammar to their patience yield,
The Latin oft and stubborn Greek they spoke:
How jocund hied they to the cricket field!
How flew the ball before their sturdy stroke!

The boast of critic skill may worms devour,
And all that study, all that wit e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The backs of Russia cannot always save.

Nor you ye fam'd, impute to these the fault,
If learning o'er those shelves no volumes raise,
Where oft the book-collector loves to halt,
And Lackington yet swells with his own praise.

Can hot-press'd page, or metzotinto bust,
Back to an author call the expended sum?
Can honour's voice engage the printer's trust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold debtors room?

Perhaps in those muse slighted courts are laid
Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Thespis might have sway'd,
Or wak'd the modern Pindar's laughing lyre.

But Themis to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of clients did unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their classic rage,
Or beauty warm'd the current of the soul.

Yet many a term a lawyer, too serene,
The briefless bag to Westminster may bear:
Yet many a lover's born to sigh unseen,
Or waste his rhet'rick on th' obdurate fair.

Far from the wrangling Bar's high purchas'd strife,
On a back seat they mark the wordy fray;
Along the circuit to the vale of life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en their heads from eve drops to protect,
Some frail umbrella still erected high,
The uncouth wig, as Cloudesley Shovell's deck'd,
Declares a counsellor is passing by.

But who to dull law-precedents a prey,
The pleasing cares of science e'er resign'd;
Left the warm novel, or the well wrought play,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

Henry! for thee, who now to science dead,
Dost on law-folios rest thy classic pate;
If chance, by friendly recollection led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Happy some dram-loving wight may say—
"Oft have I seen him at the hour of five,
Brushing with hasty steps the dirt away,
For Drury's pit and a front-seat to strive:

"Hard by yon band, no fiddling as in scorn,
Musing on Godwin would his fancy rove:
Now drooping when he thought of men forlorn,
For public weal now slighting private love.

"One eve I miss'd him o'er the accustom'd pit,
Along the critic's seat, near tweedle dee;
Another came; nor where the Gods did sit,
Nor up the slips, nor at half-price was he.

Next morn, twixt lawyers two, in black array,
Slow thro' the hall of Ruius was he borne;
Approach and read (if thou can'st read) the lay
Engross'd on parchment from an old deed torn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon a page of Coke
A youth, to foplings and to flirts unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on the words he spoke,
And Metaphysics mark'd him for their own.

Sound was his judgment, and his soul sincere;
Fortune a recompence did largely send:
He wrote at Colchester full many a year:
He gain'd from Witham, all he wish'd, a friend.

Nor Pattison, his civic faith disclose,
Nor draw his frailties in a wordy brief;
For you alike in trembling hope repose,
To be admitted by my lord the chief.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledollar, Mr. John W. Scott, late proprietor of the Philadelphia Repository, to Miss Jane Cooper, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

"——This blossom's blasted in the bud!
On this fair flower, just expanding to bloom
Fell the rude storm of woeful adversity,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing."——

DIED—On Tuesday the 5th instant, after a short illness, MRS. HARIOT ELIZA DENIS, aged 23 years, the amiable consort of Richard Denis, Esqr. and on the following day her remains were interred in Christ Church ground, attended by a numerous assemblage of weeping relatives and friends. In recording the decease of this excellent woman, the tribute of worth will be more impressively given by her surviving acquaintances than words alone could possibly describe.——

"Ye gates cerulian backwards fly,
Ye everlasting doors give way,
She comes—the daughter of the sky,
And strains celestial round her play.

Receive, O Virgin, mother of mankind,
This sainted daughter to thy holy rest;
To thee her spotless spirit is consign'd,
To thee she comes a meek and peaceful guest.

On earth awhile she bloom'd a flagrant flow'r;
No roughen'd thought disturb'd her tranquil mind;
But soon elaps'd, of life her fading hour,
She fled, and left mortality behind."

Erratum. In the extract from an oration, page 66, 38th line from the top for *unutterable* reed *unalterable*.

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